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# BRITISH MELODIES.

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BY T. H. CORNISH.

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“ —— Perhaps the breath of Music  
“ May prove more eloquent than my poor words :  
“ It is the medicine of the breaking heart.”

---

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

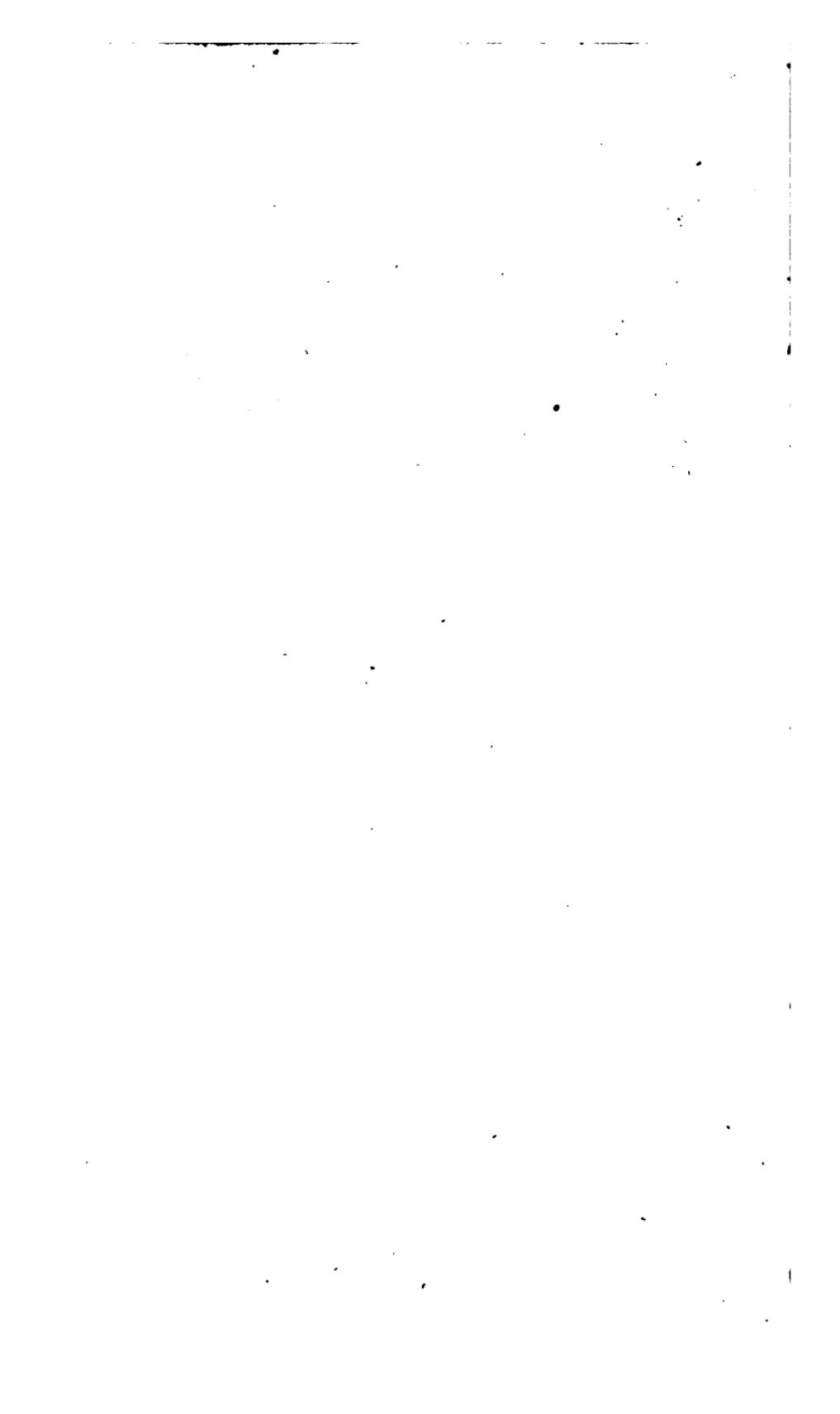
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CONSTABLE AND CO., EDINBURGH ; AND GALIGNANI, PARIS.

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1831.

57.



Entered at Stationers' Hall.

HERNANAN AND PERRING, PRINTERS, LEEDS.

TO

## MY COUNTRY

I VENTURE TO DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME

OR

## BRITISH MELODIES :

But in bringing so trifling an Offering to her Altar, let it not be imputed to me that I am inflated with the notion that I am making her my debtor. I am humbly acting upon the principle—"Such as I have I give unto thee," and all I crave in return is the merit of good intentions. For her sake, I wish I had something better to lay at her feet ; for without affectation I can truly assert that her welfare is the strongest earthly desire of my soul.

In the construction of my lyrics I have studied simplicity. My sole ambition has been to clothe plain thoughts in plain language. Of my *feelings* I might say more if I had language to express them. They, I



Entered at Stationers' Hall.

BERNAMAN AND PEREZ.

TO

## MY COUNTRY

I VENTURE TO DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME

OF

## BRITISH MELODIES :

But in bringing so trifling an Offering to her ~~Asia~~,  
it not be imputed to me that I am inflated with  
notion that I am making her my debtor. ~~I am~~

acting upon the principle—"Such as I have given  
thee, I crave in return is given to me  
in her sake, I wish I had not given  
so much; for without it, I could not  
have her well."

—  
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trust, beat in unison with my duties. I have spoken of my country. To my King, I tender an "*undivided*" allegiance. To my Neighbour I would fain act in accordance with the divine precept of the author of the Christian faith. With all mankind I would live in charity—the CRITICS inclusive!

If love of my native land,—if an ardent attachment to her free institutions,—if a sincere desire to see the blessing of rational liberty extended to all the nations of the earth—can be received as an atonement for *Poetical* sins, I may hope to be forgiven for even the heinous offences which are so thickly strewn over the following pages. In this hope I commit my fragile bark to the waters, neither boastingly-confident of success, nor altogether in despair of her capability to weather the gale and the surge, and to reach her destined haven in safety.

T. H. C.

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# BRITISH MELODIES.

## MELODY—I.

*“Here’s a Health to Englund’s Youth elate.”*

### I.

Here’s a health to England’s youth elate ;  
Here’s a health to lovely woman ;  
And here’s to him whose glorious fate  
Subdued the Gallic foeman.  
Brave Wellington.

### II.

Here’s a health to every chieftain bold ;  
Here’s a double glass to woman :  
Here’s a health to one grown grey and old,  
For he shrank not from the foeman.  
Brave Anglesey.

### III.

Here’s a health to every soldier man ;  
Here’s a triple glass to woman :  
Here’s a health to those who led the van,  
And beat the insulting foeman.  
England’s Army.

## IV.

Here's a health to every British tar ;  
 A lasting health to woman !—  
 Here's honour to him whose regal star  
 Humbled every foeman.  
 Great Britain's King.

## MELODY—II.

“ Give me the bonny banks of Clyde.”

## A CALEDONIAN AIR.

## I.

Give me the bonny banks of Clyde ;  
 Old Edinboro' town :  
 Give me our native chieftains' pride,  
 Their minstrels' high renown.  
 Scotia ! Caledonia !

## II.

Give me Ben Lomond's towering height ;  
 Loch Lomond's inspiring story ;  
 Give me of free-born Scot the right,  
 Or Bruce's brand and glory.  
 Scotia ! Caledonia !

## MELODY—III.

*“ If e'er thou see'st, at midnight hour.”*

If e'er thou see'st, at midnight hour,  
The love-lit moon awake ;  
O pluck the nearest scented flower,  
And wear it for my sake :—

O wear it for my sake, my love ;  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
When my warm spirit glows above,  
That Memory, too, was dead !

For 'neath that living lobe of light  
*Thy* memory shall be dear ;  
To cherish it my fond delight—  
O drop that struggling tear !

If e'er thou see'st, at midnight hour,  
The love-lit moon awake ;  
O pluck the nearest scented flower,  
And wear it for my sake !

## MELODY—IV.

## THE WARRIOR-CHIEFTAIN'S SONG.

Advance, advance, my merry men all,  
 The war-dight sun is up ;  
 Before the shades of night shall fall,  
 Or ere ye taste the cup  
 Which Victory or Pleasure may bring,  
 Ye well must fight for England's King !

Advance, advance—I hear the call  
 Of the enemy's bugle loud ;  
 Advance !—wives, children, country, all  
 Pray for us long and loud :  
 And the Lord of Hosts will hear their pray'r,  
 For our foe's sole faith is in mortal spear.

Be true each gen'rous soldier's heart—  
 True to Old England's cause ;  
 Let each man act a Briton's part,  
 And gain a world's applause :  
 Our quarrel's just—our father-land  
 Will reward the deeds of its warrior-band.



He comes with his Gallic chivalry—  
Our enemy in his pride :  
Now for your wonted bravery !  
Of hostile blood—a tide !  
On, on ! *now* strike ! Aye, that's the blow,  
See how they lie in their gore so low !

Advance we now—they run ! they run !  
The strife is o'er, the battle's won :  
Behold, among the mangled dead,  
The chief by whom our foes were led.  
Retire, brave men, to your camp again,  
Your glory's gone forth beyond the main.

There Britain hears, with joy and love,  
The feats of her sons in distant clime,  
Reveres the decree of all-conquering Jove,  
And inscribes the tale on mem'ry's shrine.  
Hurrah ! for our country ! A day like this  
Makes merry hearts dance in yon isles of bliss !

## MELODY—V.

*“ This mouldering lyre and broken lute.”*

## I.

This mouldering lyre and broken lute  
I found in Ossian’s hall—  
Where they had lain in darkness, mute,  
But for Childe Harold’s call.

## II.

The Bride of Abydos I sought ;  
The Giaour I found at sea ;  
The Corsair bad me give to thought  
His glorious minstrelsy.

## III.

And I have struck the dormant string :  
’Tis vain !—no music floats ;—  
Alas ! the trembling chords but ring  
The knell of buried hopes !



## MELODY—VI.

*“Let those who sever Friendship’s chain.”*

## I.

Let those who sever Friendship’s chain,  
Or sow Dissension’s seed,  
Endure the bitterest pangs of pain—  
Of human pain, indeed.

## II.

Friendship’s spell to man was given,  
His varied lot to bless ;  
And he for aye must trust in heaven  
When FRIENDSHIP brings distress.

## III.

Friendship is balm to manhood’s pride,  
Bliss, bliss to woman’s heart ;  
In Life’s affairs there rules a tide,  
And Death will act his part.

## IV.

Let those who sever Friendship’s chain,  
Or sow Dissension’s seed,  
Endure the bitterest pangs of pain—  
Of human pain, indeed.



## MELODY—VII.

GREECE DELIVERED—A NATIONAL AIR.

The Trump of Fame ! the Trump of Fame !  
How glorioualy it sounds,  
Proclaiming Britain's warlike name—  
Hark ! o'er the ocean how it bounds !  
The merry drum, and the shrilly flute,  
Suppress the tones of the softer lute.

On Cambrian Snowdon's cloudless height,  
I perch'd with eager gaze :  
Gods ! what a heart-delighting sight,  
Old England's land and seas !  
The Prince Llewellyn erst had stood  
On this wild spot—as brave as good.

I saw the emerald green land there,  
That gem of Nature's choice ;  
Creation's Spirit, everywhere,  
Heard Victory's glad voice :  
Nor mute nor motionless the sea,  
In might it breath'd—" Thy country's free."



Above, below, or round about,  
E'en from the grassless sod,  
There seem'd to flow a living shout,  
In praise of Nature's God :  
The magic touch of the Master-hand  
I saw impress'd on my native land.

On the breast of Neptune's guardian stream  
That circles our happy shore,  
I saw, in the distance, brightly gleam  
Some hundred ships or more ;  
My countrymen ! a true delight—  
Our "Wooden Walls"—soul-cheering sight !

The day was up, the breeze blew fair ;  
Our land-boys fev'rish cry—  
"To the isles, the isles of Greece repair,  
"That land of slavery."  
The sun in darkness then might be :—  
He rose again—and Greece was FREE !

Free art thou, O my country, free !—  
So may'st thou long remain ;  
Dash down those chains of slavery—  
Subdue that human pain !—  
From ocean's depths there pass'd a voice,  
"England hath will'd—'tis done !—rejoice !"

## MELODY—VIII.

## ERIN AND BEAUTY.

Once more, then, farewell to thee, beautiful Erin !  
(With the like sigh of sadness I've left thee before,)  
Thy emerald bosom fain would I recline in,  
Nor content me to quit e'en awhile thy gay shore.

We're at sea ; and my bark is gallantly nearing  
My own native land—pre-eminent—free—  
While my thoughts to and fro, how wildly careering !  
Or to Albion, thrice-bless'd—or, Erin, to thee.

How bright walk the daughters of Erin in beauty !  
How their charms have illumin'd this fond wayward  
breast !  
And, oh ! when they swerve not from woman's best duty,\*  
How secure is their empire—their captives how blest !

Farewell to thy generous and high-bosom'd youth ;  
Adieu to thy hearth-scenes of comfort and joy ;  
I love to indulge in the “ pure spirit of truth ”  
While I strain the loose chords I had strung when a boy.

\* Fidelity.

Farewell to thee Erin ! Should this prove my *last*,  
Or should I revisit, delighted, thy clime,  
I'll still raise the pray'r—unforgotten the past—  
For thy greatness and glory through ultimate time.

'Tis night—and the clouds of deep silence and darkness  
O'ershadow the ocean and storm would bespeak ;  
But we'll fill up a bumper, nor quaff we of wine less—  
Though the tear's in mine eye, there's a smile on the  
cheek.

With the juice of the grape—see, 'tis more than divine !  
Fill, fill high your goblets, as we scud from the shore ;  
And the toast, boys—why that in our hearts we'll  
inshrine—  
“ Here's to Erin and Beauty !” Cheer again—one  
cheer more !



## MELODY—IX.

“ *Strike for our Native Land brave men.*”

A NATIONAL SONG.

Strike for our NATIVE LAND, brave men,  
Bold Britons! nobly free—  
Strike for our Native Land, and then  
Strike home—shout “ Victory !”

## II.

Mounted and arm'd, the foeman dares  
Our host unto the battle field ;  
Here's death to him who vainly spares ;  
And death to him who'd yield !

## III.

Come on ! come on ! ye proud of heart :  
Retire, ye sons of slavery.—  
Not one brave soul from us will part :  
Strike ! strike home—shout “ Victory !”

## IV.

Strike for our NATIVE LAND, brave men,  
Like Britons, bold and free :  
Strike for our Native Land, and then,  
Strike deep—shout “ Victory !”

## MELODY—X.

*“ My Love was like yon blooming rose.”*

A BALLAD.

## I.

My Love was like yon blooming rose,  
As beautiful, as gay,  
Yet meekly sought the tomb's repose,  
And left me in her May.

## II.

O she to me was life, and light,  
My monitor, my grace :—  
I wander now in grief's dark night,  
Finding no resting-place.

## III.

A seeming voice thrill'd through my soul,  
When her pure spirit fled :  
“ Weep not for me—thy tears controul,  
“ For sweetly sleep the dead.”

## MELODY—XI.

## FAREWELL NAPOLEON'S GLORY.

## I.

“ To smiling France we bid good night ;  
“ Adieu to Meres and Fathers hoary ;  
“ To cherish'd scenes of love, good night ;  
“ We'll come again with glory.

## II.

Ambition calls her legions forth ;  
They seek for honour—find a grave :  
The vulture's course is to the North,  
The wolf-dog feeds upon the brave.

## III.

To weeping France, good night, good night ;  
Blot out her darksome story ;  
To conquest's lureing charm, good night ;—  
Farewell, NAPOLEON's glory !

## MELODY—XII.

*“The Wings of Liberty are spread.”*

The wings of Liberty are spread,  
And Glory's chariot shines ;  
Weep for our gallant leaders dead ;  
Let tears bedew their shrines.

The wings of Liberty are spread,  
And Beauty claims a toast :  
“ Brave Wellington ! by thee was led  
“ Our own victorious host.”

The wings of Liberty are spread,  
The Eagle soars on high ;  
Peace and Goodwill are newly wed ;  
The war-hounds cease their cry.

The wings of Liberty are spread,  
The Lamb and Leo sleep ;  
The sword's beneath the ploughman's tread ;  
The spear's in fallow deep.

The wings of Liberty are spread ;  
The nations lift their voice :  
Why should not this devoted head—  
This wayward *heart* rejoice ?



## MELODY—XIII.

*“The Bee is on the wing, Jane.”*

## I.

The Bee is on the wing, Jane !  
 The Butterfly is come ;  
 Children both of Spring, Jane,  
 So let us quit our home.  
 So let us, &c.

## II.

The Moss-rose smelleth sweet, Jane !  
 The Tulips are full-grown ;  
 The Jasmine soon will blow, Jane ;  
 And here are flow’rs unknown.

## III.

Come let us quit our home, Jane !  
 Creation’s gifts to see ;  
 We’ll wander far away, Jane,  
 In unison, yet free.

## IV.

The Bee is on the wing, Jane !  
 The Butterfly is come ;  
 Children both of Spring, Jane ;  
 So let us quit our home.

## MELODY—XIV.

*“A Soldier’s Life for me.”*

A soldier’s life for me ; a soldier’s life for me !  
I love his leisure and his pleasure ;  
I love the “word” and the pointed sword ;  
I love the sound of the guns’ quick round ;  
And the thunder-peal of artillery !

A soldier’s life for me ; a soldier’s life for me !  
I love his ire and his martial fire ;  
I love his name and path to fame ;  
I love the shield and the battle-field ;  
And the glorious war-cry—“Victory !”

A soldier’s life for me ; a soldier’s life for me !  
I love his lance and horse’s prance ;  
I love his horn at early morn ;  
I love his charge on the field at large ;  
And his welcome home victoriously.

A soldier’s life for me ; a soldier’s life for me !  
I love his story and his glory ;  
I love the spirits he inherits ;  
I love the voice which bids rejoice ;  
And his proud heart’s consanguinity !

A soldier's life for me ; a soldier's life for me !  
 I love his joy without alloy ;  
 I love to roam far, far from home ;  
 I love the tide of beauty's pride ;  
 And the warrior's " pleasures of memory ! "

## MELODY—XV.

" *Mary, how can I forget.*"

Ah, *Mary* ! how can I forget  
 Our earliest, fondest vow ?  
 The hope of love must linger yet,  
 Though thou art voiceless now.

*Mary* ! if I had prov'd untrue,  
 Or, e'en by word unkind,  
 Had brought one *latent* slight to view,  
 Thou might'st condemn my *mind*.

But, *Mary* ! thou do'st wrong me, love ;  
 My soul is griev'd at this :  
 Such pouting might a stoic move—  
 Ah ! ignorance is bliss !

*Mary* ! together through the vale  
 (We'll hearts unite ;  
 Let us ~~haste~~ the summer-gale—  
~~haste~~—twill soon be night !

## MELODY—XVI.

## THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

I sing the Tree of Liberty ;  
Believe me, 'tis no joke, Sir ;  
The best e'er found on British ground—  
I mean our Native Oak, Sir.  
The body fair we may compare  
To our right royal King, Sir ;  
The limbs so great to men of state—  
Are they not just the thing, Sir !

The bark so rough, so stout and tough,  
Is like our legislation ;  
The leaves so gay, I joy to say,  
Are emblems of the nation.  
Its spreading root, each way doth shoot,  
The body to protect, Sir ;  
The fibrous claws I deem the laws,  
Which *some* folks much neglect, Sir.

Some scions few, of pois'nous hue,  
Have dar'd to spring around, Sir,  
This goodly tree of liberty,  
To stab with deadly wound, Sir ;

But Providence, our great defence,  
 With merciful prevention  
 And arm of might, preserv'd this Oak,  
 And blighted their intention.

Your glasses fill, and with good will,  
 All drink this noble toast, Sir,  
 " May this Oak Tree for ever be  
 " Each loyal Briton's boast, Sir ;  
 " May this tree last, without a blast,  
 " Through Time's great revolution ;  
 " May Heaven defend, unto the end,  
 " Our KING and CONSTITUTION !"

### MELODY—XVII.

" *O give me back my Youthful Days.*"

#### I.

O give me back my youthful days,  
 And Friendship's charm again ;  
 I like not this world's selfish ways,  
 They do but give me pain.

#### II.

I would not dwell for ever here,  
 O let me quit the scene !  
 Tell me where Faith and Truth appear ;  
 I seek a life serene.

## MELODY—XVIII.

## PASTORAL.

Fresher green the lawns display,  
Vernal odours scent the dale,  
Gaily trills the linnet's lay,  
Sweetly wails the nightingale.  
See the grove its buds disclose,  
Love awakes the soft recess ;  
Now each Shepherd bolder grows,  
Kinder, every Shepherdess.

Now the blossom rears its head,  
Spring recalls its blooming pride ;  
Spring enamels o'er the mead,  
Decks the mountain's sloping side.  
See the lily of the vale,  
Peeping through its leafy shade,  
Half its modest charms conceal—  
Garland meet for spotless maid.

Now the woodbine's twining shade  
Sweetly forms the rustic bow'r ;  
Soft retreat of youth and maid--  
True to love's appointed hour !  
Fonder grows the Zephyr's kiss,  
Pleasure wakes at nature's call ;  
Vernal life and thrilling bliss,  
Feels the heart *that feels at all.*

## MELODY—XIX.

*" Set on the Wine, the best we have."*

## I.

Set on the wine, the best we have,  
Bedeck our board of joy ;  
Give me the kiss which Venus gave,  
And love without alloy !

## II.

I still must love, and be belov'd  
By woman, kind and true ;  
Faithful as I have faithful prov'd—  
Medora, so love you.

## III.

Set on the wine, the best we have,  
Bedeck our board of joy ;  
Give me the kiss which Venus gave,  
And love without alloy !

## MELODY—XX.

## THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG.

Lightly, lightly, now she flies,  
Over the bounding sea,  
With prosp'rous gales and sunny skies,  
And hearts as blithe as free.

What care we for the shore, boys, now,  
What need we of the land ?  
We only claim bright Beauty's vow,  
Lov'd Woman's faithful hand.

Gaily, gaily, now we speed,  
Through the pathless main ;  
We value not the milksop's creed,  
We'll fill the glass again.

Our reigning toast is "bravery,"  
Our polar star is love ;  
We break the chains of slavery,  
And rely on Heaven above.

Merrily, merrily, now she flies,  
Over the bounding sea ;  
With prosp'rous gales and sunny skies,  
And hearts as blithe as free !

MELODY—XIX

*"Set on the Wine, the best*

*and fast."*

*and fast ;*

**I.**

Set on the wine, the best  
Bedeck our board of joy  
Give me the kiss which V  
And love without alloy

*blast*

*spring !*

*life ;*

*strife :*

**II.**

I still must love, and be  
By woman, kind and  
Faithful as I have faith  
Medora, so love you.

*ail, though dark,*

*ring spark*

**III.**

Set on the wine, the best  
Bedeck our board of joy  
Give me the kiss which V  
And love without alloy

*ick and fast ;*

*try blast ;*

*sing !*

## DY—XXII.

*I have prov'd unkind."*

## I.

have prov'd unkind,  
at I am *free* ;  
the rainbow of my mind,  
my minstrelsy.

## II.

love thee better far  
thers' rarest love ;  
o ask the evening star,  
watching moon above.

## III.

Why not I have prov'd unkind,  
rather that I'm free ;  
t seen the mirror of my mind ;  
u'st heard my minstrelsy.

## MELODY—XXIII.

*“The Warrior on his charger came.”*

## I.

The warrior on his charger came  
In martial pride and state ;  
His name's inscribed on the roll of fame ;  
Yet he herald's one more great.  
The trumpet-blast, now shrill and clear,  
Proclaims a mighty Conqueror near.

## II.

There are his satraps in advance,  
And many a prancing horse ;  
And many a sword, and many a lance,  
Are gleaming along the course :  
The waving plumes of the Emp'r's pride  
Come sweeping on—ambition's tide.

## III.

Hark to the stirring drum of joy ;  
Hark to the cannon's pealing ;  
In that proud host there's no alloy,  
But all a victor's feeling.  
He came—Napoleon in power :—  
Ah ! where is *now* that blighted flower !

## MELODY—XXIV.

*“ Old Ocean is our soft bed, boys.”*

Old Ocean is our soft bed, boys,  
Its wave our downy pillow ;  
The world's our own, with all its joys ;  
No care invades the pillow.  
No care, &c.

Where'er we sail, our country's *dear*,  
Old England—doubly dear, boys ;  
Tho' far from home, nor grief nor fear  
Can touch our well-strung hearts, boys.

Mid wintry winds, and stormy seas,  
We steer to climes remote, boys ;  
Or when we lightly catch the breeze,  
Why then we drink our grog, boys.

Returning home, our union jack  
Waves proudly high aloft, boys ;  
Though of courage bold we nothing lack,  
In Albion's cliffs there's joy, boys.

When war's loud notes shall call us forth,  
For our country still to fight, boys,  
Whate'er may be the foeman's worth,  
The day shall be our own, boys.

On British ground once more we stand,  
 Britannia's hearts of oak, boys ;  
 Three cheers for him who had command,  
 And fought our ship so well, boys.

We'll each man to his home repair,  
 In all a seaman's pride, boys,  
 And kiss our children's mother there,  
 With beating hearts and glee, boys.

Oh this is joy beyond the rest,  
 T' embrace our children dear, boys ;  
 To greet again, with manhood's zest,  
 The woman that we love, boys.  
 The woman, &c.

### MELODY—XXV.

*“The Lark is on the wing.”*

The Lark is on the wing ;  
 How high it mounts in air ;  
 Thou warbling bird of spring,  
 To me thy sweet note's dear.

The morning breeze brings balm ;  
 The sky's serenely blue ;  
 And all around is calm ;  
 Oh ! were *this heart* so too !

## MELODY—XXVI.

*“ Ah, who beneath the burning ray.”*

Ah ! who beneath the burning ray,  
Can bear the long, the Summer day ?  
Who, 'mid the dust, and scorching sun,  
Content, his daily race will run ?  
And, yet, when Winter's icy breath  
Flies o'er the white and frozen heath,  
The Traveller shudders to behold  
The dreary scene, and shrinks with cold.

When drifted snow across the plain  
Spreads desolation's chill domain,  
The Traveller sighs, and seems to say,  
“ Ah, would it were a summer's day ! ”  
Yet when the Sun flames far and wide,  
He hastens to the wood's dark side,  
And sheltered by embowering trees,  
Sighs for the bleak and chilling breeze.

When clouds of dust impede his way,  
And all around the fervid ray  
Alike pervades the mead and heath,  
Unvisited by Zephyr's breath :  
Or when the torrent wildly pours,  
When the fierce storm impetuous roars,—  
Man, still on *change* is fondly bent,  
Still murmuring—sighing—discontent !

— 10 —

DY-XXVII.

... how quickly fled !  
... young and gay ;  
... my shaggy head,  
... hairs of gray.

not so dark;  
not so dark;  
not so dark;

... when I was young,  
... when I was young,

... man's height,

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A *spell*!—that's nothing more, I *know*,  
Than up a book to take!  
I'll e'en mount wig and chatter law;  
Nay—I'll become a Rake!

Farewell, then, cunning mistress mine,  
I'm off in search of *others*:  
“ You'll not be mine!” *I'll not be thine*!  
Adieu!—thus end all bothers!

### MELODY—XXVIII.

“ *I would not have thee think so, Jane.*”

I would not have thee think so, Jane;  
I would not have thee weep;  
I vow by Love's most sacred name,  
And by that sigh so deep,

That every prayer I utter now  
But seeks to bring thee bliss;  
Come, let me bind that throbbing brow:  
And soothe it with a kiss.

Ah! were it not for thee, my love,  
Ah, were it not for thee,  
This world a wilderness might prove,  
And I a wanderer be!

## MELODY—XXIX.

*“ Vale of the West, my native vale.”*

Vale of the West, my native vale,  
What power shall tear thy charms from me ?  
What share have I in hill or dale,  
Mountain or mead, in aught like thee ?

To gaze on thee, Vale of the West,  
Mines eyes are ever longing now ;  
The world hath chill'd my fervid breast,  
And paled with “ sickly thought” my brow.

Sweet Vale ! thy skies are brighter far  
Than those I now behold in pain ;  
Though every thought they wake should mar  
This blighted heart—yet once again !

Those whom I knew now know me not,  
They think me strange and wild ;  
They know me not, they know me not,  
Yet saw me from a child !

So let them turn—they know me not,  
They think me wayward now ;  
I'll not complain—they know me not,  
Nor my heart's long-cherish'd wo.

## MELODY—XXX.

*“I hear a voice, a glorious voice.”*

I hear a voice, a glorious voice,  
 Come bounding o'er the sea ;  
 Proud men and good may well rejoice—  
 The Isles of Greece are free !

The vulture's scream is heard from far,  
 The wolf is wide awake ;  
 The angel Pity shuns the war  
 Which Osman's wrath shall make.

Away with grief, away with fear,  
 See Freedom plumes her wings ;  
 Woman may drop affection's tear ;  
 But joyous manhood sings.

Up youth ; up age ; away, away !  
 Away to the field of blood !  
 'Tis Liberty's, 'tis Glory's day—  
 The tide of Fortune's flood.

O *that* shall prove to each true heart  
 Like Nile's o'erflowing stream ;  
 To horse ! to th' fight ! take Grecia's part—  
 There let your falchions gleam.

I hear a voice, a glorious voice,  
Come bounding o'er the sea ;  
Proud men and good may well rejoice—  
The Isles of Greece are free !

## MELODY—XXXI.

*“ Let amity and love survive.”*

Let amity and love survive  
Passion's malignant dross ;  
Let no bad thoughts be kept alive  
Our brother's path to cross.

High heav'n man's base-born acts shall see  
With anger all untold ;  
I love to hear sincerity  
Come from both young and old.

Our British youth walk uprightly,  
In civil life, supreme ;  
They dedicate to Liberty  
Wisdom's unfading theme.

Let amity and love survive  
Passion's malignant dross ;  
Let no bad thoughts be kept alive  
Our brother's path to cross.

## MELODY—XXXII.

*“ Up ! launch the bark, seaman !”*

## I.

Up ! launch the bark, seaman !  
 Brother, God speed thee ;  
 Let loose the rudder-bands—  
 Gentle winds aid thee !  
 Set thy sails steadily,  
 Tempests may come ;  
 Steer thy course warily,  
 Brother ! steer home !

## II.

Mark well the weather-bow,  
 Sea-waves surround thee ;  
 Steady men—steady now,  
 Do your work cheerly.  
 Reef in the foresail, there !  
 Hold the helm fast !  
 So,—let your shallop wear,—  
 There cometh a blast.

## III.

What of the night, seaman ?  
 What of the night ?—  
 Cloudy, yet calmly ;  
 No “ home ” yet in sight.—

Be active—be wakeful,  
Danger may be,  
At times when all seemeth  
Securest to thee.

## IV.

Cease rude winds to blow,  
Benighted are they,  
Afar from their haven,  
All lonely at sea.  
Hark ! from the land it comes,  
Sudden and fast ;  
Brother ! let go the sheet,  
Prepare for the blast.

## V.

The rain falleth heavily,  
Thickly and dimly ;  
Danger hangs o'er them  
Nothing's seen clearly.—  
 Crowd all thy canvas now,  
Cut through the foam.  
Brother ! the die is cast—  
*Heaven's thy "home."*

## MELODY—XXXIII.

*“Forget thee in these tavern halls.”*

Forget thee in these tavern halls !  
Go ask my fellow-men,  
Or ask the tear that, struggling, falls,  
If I forget thee then !  
The midnight hour, with song and wine,  
I can but share with thee :  
The hours of night, they still are thine,  
And sweet, sweet memory.

Forget thee ! In the joyous dance  
There darts some eye-beam's ray  
Like *thine*, that makes me, with its glance,  
Turn, turn in tears away.  
Go ask the muse, when she hath breath'd ;  
Go ask the poet's pen  
Which each Parnassian sweet hath wreath'd  
If I forget thee *then*.

Forget thee ! Never ! O there's *one*  
Can from *my* memory chase  
All other charms I've gaz'd upon ;  
Each heart-enslaving grace.

To be *that* one's hath been my vow—  
I pledg'd with honour's breath :  
That pledge is graven on my brow :  
Thy only rival's—*death*.

## MELODY—XXXIV.

*“The Moon beams on the peaceful Lake.”*

The moon beams on the peaceful lake ;  
How soothing is the light !  
Morna, come hither for my sake,  
Partake of my delight.

This solemn hour ; the midnight breeze ;  
The stars of glowing heaven ;  
The death-like calm of all the leaves,  
Are *signs* most wisely given.

They tell me in prophetic strain  
How brief is human life ;  
They bid me turn to thee again,  
And leave a world of strife.

On thy soft bosom I will rest,  
And end my days in peace ;  
O Morna ! put me to the test ;  
Say “yes !” and I am blest !



## MELODY—XXXV.

*“No more we seek in ancient story.”*

No more we seek in ancient story,  
Themes for free-born Briton's praise,  
Since we rival now in glory  
Greece and Rome's triumphant days.  
With Royal Will our rights protecting,  
England's mistress of the main ;  
Wellington the state directing—  
Lo ! Britannia *rules* again !

See the Brunswick Star, auspicious,  
Fills our hearts with unfeigned mirth ;  
Heav'n, to Albion's pray'r's propitious,  
This day to William's sway gave birth.  
Our King, in manly guise appearing,  
With all the royal virtues blest,  
To every British heart endearing,  
Reigns in every loyal breast.

Hail the prospect, then, so pleasing ;  
Hail happy present—future gains !  
Britain's power and wealth increasing ;  
Peace and plenty crown her plains.

William his sires—all good—transcending,  
 In our love seeks honour true,  
 And, his people's rights defending,  
 Finds all he seeks—finds safety too.

Fill a bumper, then, each Briton,  
 Let this loyal toast go round :  
 “ Long as our King the throne shall sit on,  
 Be his reign with glory crown'd :  
 And when to him his heirs succeeding,  
 Shall our country's sceptre sway ;  
 May they, his great example heeding,  
 As nobly rule—and we obey.”

### MELODY—XXXVI.

“ *I have been told my heart was warm.*”

#### I.

I have been told my heart was warm,  
 And that my love was *cold* ;  
 But this was woman's false alarm,  
 I'm not to woman bold.

#### II.

The time may come when I may *prove*  
 To those for whom I *care*,  
 How much I prize blest woman's love  
 And—comfort's easy chair !

## MELODY—XXXVII.

*“ Come tell me thou gay Butterfly.”*

Come tell me thou gay Butterfly,  
Whither art thou going ?  
Like silly Maid, why do'st so try  
To be thine own undoing ?

O foolish, foolish Butterfly,  
Stay, O stay with me ;  
Ere Spring's best flowers droop or die,  
I will away with thee.

I'll guard thee, shield thee, Butterfly,  
From foe, and folly, too ;  
Ah ! do not speed thus eagerly ;  
Take counsel—thou wilt rue !

Adieu, then, flaunting Butterfly,  
Since, heedless, thou art going ;  
Sad, sad, like silly Maid to try  
To be thine own undoing !

## MELODY—XXXVIII.

*“ Forget thee ! Thou hast done me wrong.”*

Forget thee ! Thou hast done me wrong,  
 Tho' I still o'er that wrong must grieve ;  
 An outward trace of memory strong  
 May every eye but thine perceive :  
 Yet hath nor day nor night of pain,  
 Though long oppress'd my aching brain,  
 Or chang'd my heart, or broke my chain.

Thou art afar, 'mid better things,  
 Perchance unconscious of my gloom ;  
 For thee the valley hath its springs  
 And ever-lovely flowers of bloom.  
 And life for me, but late the same,  
 Until thy *influence*, like a flame,  
 Brilliant, but scathing, o'er it came.

Alas ! my wildly-beating heart  
 Is bound with memory's faithful chain,  
 To thee—all goodness as thou art ;  
 To thee—in joy—in sorrow—pain !  
 My fetters I may not forswear !  
 I'll love thee still, in love's despair ;  
 I strive,—that love becomes a *pray'r*

For thee—for aye : and though the blight  
Of grief is on my soul and frame ;  
Though day is but a cheerless night,  
And none will sooth while many blame :  
That “prayer,” affection’s fondest vow ;  
With high-born bosom, plumed brow,  
I feel it—breathe it—even now !

## MELODY—XXXIX.

“*Awake ! Harp of Sorrow, awake.*”

Awake ! Harp of Sorrow, awake !  
Child Harold the Master of Song is no more ;  
With the years that are past are the days of his life ;  
By the deep shades of Newstead he sleeps.

Awake ! Harp of Sorrow, awake !  
From thy strings let strains of lament now arise,  
For Scotia’s proud son ope the halls of the North,  
And O give his fame to the winds.

With his fathers he sleeps his last sleep.  
But death can only the poor body enchain :  
The essence immortal has found its true sphere ;  
And his name, like his soul, ever lives.

## MELODY—XL.

THE DYING GREEK WARRIOR YOUTH.

## I.

Father ! I call thee eagerly,  
To hear my parting words,  
Ere yet the shout of victory  
Shall sheathe our bloody swords :  
Father, I die a death of pain,  
But care not for the smart ;  
I ne'er shall see our home again,  
Nor joy therein impart.

## II.

Father ! I give in charge to thee  
A dying son's last will,  
When Greece, our country, shall be free,  
Thou wilt be "father" still.  
Protect my children, yet awhile,  
Ere they spring up to age ;  
Promote their mother's duteous smile,  
Through thy gray pilgrimage.

## III.

Mother ! I know thou wilt be kind  
To mine, and thine, most dear ;  
For thou hast angel-woman's mind,  
And thou can't weigh a tear.

Mother, I die in glory's arms,  
For Grecia and for *thee* ;  
Death brings no weak alarms,  
The soil of Greece is **FREE** !

## IV.

Sister ! I call upon thy name,  
I call by our early love ;  
I die—but 'tis a death of fame—  
I'll wait for thee above.  
Sister, my dearest sister, come ;  
To thine own brother speed ;  
Nor tarry now in that sweet home,  
While Marco dies indeed !

## V.

Brother ! I have no words for thee—  
My life-blood waxeth chill.  
Hark ! the glad shout of victory !—  
Louder ! yet louder still !  
Brother ! I am no “coward” now ;  
No craven son of Greece ;  
Let valour's wreath bedeck my brow—  
I faint—I die in peace !

## MELODY—XLI.

*“ This lonely heart, this joyless heart.”*

This lonely heart, this joyless heart,  
May prove nor false nor rude ;  
I never took an evil part  
In base ingratitude.

This lonely heart, this joyless heart,  
Shall never prove unkind ;  
It never had recourse to art—  
I scorn the hollow mind.

I would not have it said of me,  
I would not have it thought,  
That I'd been born for treachery,—  
Deception's paths had sought.

Whate'er the sorrows of my breast ;  
Whate'er my wayward fortune bring ;  
This be my motto and my boast ;  
“ True to my friend, my word, my king.”

## MELODY—XLII.

*“ I go, I go, to giddy France.”*

I go, I go, to giddy France,  
With Fashion's desp'rate speed ;  
I go, but not with sword or lance,  
Nor with bible nor with creed.

I go, I go, for pastime, fun ;  
With the Ladies still to chat ;  
I go, I go, to cut and run !  
What else can I be at ?

My pocket's empty, and my purse  
I know not where it is ;  
I go, I go,—I can't fare worse  
If I reach th' Antipodes !

I go, I go, to drive dull care  
Away from this crazy head ;  
I go—yes, I'll go every where—  
By FASHION still I'm led !

## MELODY—XLIII

*"Silently, O silently."*

## I.

Silently, O silently,  
The moon-beam falls on me  
Silently, as silently,  
It falls on land and sea.

## II.

Silently, still silently,  
Creation's wings wax bright ;  
Silently, more silently,  
Bright morn succeeds to night.

## III.

O let my soul, thus silently,  
Depart from earthly clay ;  
Thus silently and beamingly  
Enter the realms of day.

## MELODY—XLIV.

“ *The Taw at eve.*”

The Taw at eve ! the Taw at eve !  
Its banks and all so gay,  
Where I was wont to sigh and grieve  
At rise and close of day,  
To know and feel I had been born,  
Secluded, in the West ;  
Friendless, unsought, unknown, and lorn ;  
By woman, too, unblest !

The Taw at eve ! the Taw at eve !  
How beautifully calm ;  
Once by its stream I thought I'd leave  
What prov'd to *my* heart balm ;  
A secret hope of Fortune's *smile*—  
(In verse and plainly writ :)  
I left it, and 'twas read awhile ;  
And rustics prais'd the wit !

The Taw at eve ! the Taw at eve !  
River, to me, of song !  
'Twas by its banks I was bad believe  
That woman can't do wrong !

'Twas there, amid dull sons of earth,  
 I linger'd life away.  
 'Twas there I learnt how little worth  
 The garish things of day !

The Taw at eve ! the Taw at eve !  
 Dear stream of native power !  
 'Twas by thy banks Love made me weave  
 A wreath of varied flower.  
 I wander'd far and wide to see  
 Th' extent of Life's dark course ;  
 I've seen it—and still pure, still free,  
 I breathe without remorse.

### MELODY—XLV.

*“ The yellow leaf is on the ground.”*

The yellow leaf is on the ground,  
 The heart of man is sombre ;  
 On earth what joy may now be found ?  
 This is the soul's November.

See in that sere and fallen leaf,  
 Emblem of human destiny ;  
 Like man's, its sunny hours were brief ;  
 Like man it drops and wastes away !

## MELODY—XLVI.

*“ The Moon through yonder regal tower.”*

The Moon through yonder regal tower  
Is shining clear and brightly ;  
And on the rose, youth's fav'rite flower,  
Her maiden sheen looks slightly.

The orb of night is sailing fast,  
Through seas of lovely azure ;  
While silence seals the deep-felt past,  
Of Time's and Life's displeasure !

'Tis now I wander far and near,  
With my own heart conversing ;  
While yet the conscious, struggling tear,  
With my spirit strives—coercing.

The joys of thought bring joy indeed,  
Although my sands are running ;  
Though Time is bent on winged speed,  
And Death admits no funning !

## MELODY—XLVII.

*“ O'er the foaming waters blue.”*

## I.

O'er the foaming waters blue,  
     Crowd our ships of war ;  
The Turkman now shall have his due ;—  
     List to the cannon's roar !

## II.

To British hands is given in trust,  
     The freedom of the world ;  
'Tis honour calls, and fight we must—  
     Our flag—our flag's unfurl'd !

## III.

O'er the foaming waters blue,  
     Crowd our ships of war ;  
The Turkman now shall have his due,—  
     List to the cannon's roar !

## MELODY—XLVIII.

*“ Land of Freedom ! Land of Beauty.”*

## I.

Land of Freedom ! Land of Beauty !  
High-born Empress ! Peerless Isle !  
Weep—thy “ Patriots” blink their duty—  
England, our country, may not smile.  
Sons of our Fathers, great and free,  
Guard, guard your rights—hail Liberty.  
Awake, arise !

## II.

It is the cause—the sacred cause,  
Of freedom, happiness, and peace ;  
Why prize ye sycophants’ applause ?  
Remember Rome ! Forget not Greece !  
Sons of our Fathers, brave and wise,  
Regard your country’s destinies.  
Awake, arise !

## III.

Up, and away ! The hour is come  
When Liberty should walk abroad ;  
And Freedom cheer the poor man’s home,  
Despite the Despot’s pointed goad.

Sons of our Fathers—will ye be  
The secret tyrant's would-be-free?

Awake, arise!

IV.

Your goblets fill to Liberty ;  
Here's a brim'd bumper to her son ;  
A curse on every tyranny !  
Shout for my toast. Well done, well done.  
Sons of our Fathers ! ever dear ;  
Ye'll never follow Freedom's bier.

Awake, arise !

V.

So shall it be whene'er ye call  
Loud and more loud throughout the land ;  
Your free-born hearts brook not the fall  
Of this our country : firm ye'll stand !  
Sons of our Fathers ! can it be  
That Englishmen desert the free ?

Awake, arise !

VI.

Death to the tyrant and the slave,  
Who would their country hold in thrall ;  
Death to the bravest of the brave,  
If he desire his country's fall !  
Sons of our Fathers ! burning sighs  
Accompany these heart-felt cries.

Awake, arise !

## VII.

Let not your courage fail ye now ;  
Nor let your *strength* forgotten be ;  
Laurels erst grac'd the plebeian brow  
In Rome, in Greece, when both were *free*.  
Sons of our Fathers ! I know well  
Your country's safe from thraldom's spell,  
Ye're men ! ye're men !

## MELODY—XLIX.

“ *Maid of Bala, I am with thee.*”

Maid of Bala ! I am with thee,  
Where'er I rest, howe'er I speed ;  
In every change thou'rt faithful to me ;  
Most truly mine in thought and deed.

When gentle zephyrs breathe upon me,  
Or when wintry blast descends ;  
Still I'm with thee—ever with thee ;  
We are *more* than Friendship's friends.

The world may smile or frown upon me ;  
Maid of Bala ! still I'm thine :  
Here's a heart that leaps towards thee ;  
Take it—take it—now's the time !

## MELODY—L.

*“ Maid of the Mountain and the Vale.”*

Maid of the mountain and the vale,  
Maid with the dark and flowing hair,  
Thy voice comes rushing on the gale,  
I hear thy heart's despair.

On the beetling cliff I see thee now,  
All wildly bent on death ;  
The rustic wreath but mocks thy brow,—  
There's madness in thy breath !

O look not on the deep below ;  
'Twill fatal prove to thee ;  
A leap so frightful maid ne'er saw ;  
Ah ! what a grave's the sea !

Maid of the mountain and the vale,  
Thy frantic steps retrace ;  
Return to home's neglected pale,  
And parents' lov'd embrace !

## MELODY—LI.

*“I love the streamlet's gentle glide.”*

I love the streamlet's gentle glide,  
The summer-sky I love ;  
I love the blooming hedge-row's pride ;  
I love in meads to rove.

How beautifully things of earth  
Spring up and blossom now !  
Like maiden beauty's passing worth,  
Commanding manhood's vow.

A thrill of joy from heav'n descends ;  
There's kindness abroad ;  
Now join me ye who're *really* friends  
In Nature's flowery road.

Here we will greet and talk awhile,  
Of life—perchance of death ;  
And *one*, with ever-cheerful smile,  
Shall twine me *love's* gay wreath.



## MELODY—LII.

*“ Awake, awake, my lyre.”*

Awake, awake, my lyre,  
Awake to love and joy,  
Recal that spark of fire  
Thou gavest when a boy.

’Tis time to ’wake, sweet lyre !  
To lift thy voice on high !  
Loud were those notes of fire ;  
Magical thy sigh.

Thou ne’er shalt mourn again ;  
I would not have thee grieve ;  
I cannot hear thee plain,  
And freely, calmly breathe.

My heart is bent, my lyre,  
On woman’s stedfast love ;  
Now all my thoughts aspire  
My worth and troth to prove.

Awake, awake, my lyre !  
Awake to love and joy !  
Recal that spark of fire  
Thou gavest when a boy.

## MELODY—LIII.

*“ One kiss my love.”*

One kiss my love, one kiss my love,

E're I depart for ever,

Or thou shalt look to heaven above

And pray we may not sever.

My country bids me go

To fight the daring foe.

My country bids me go.

Adieu, adieu !

One kiss my love, yet one more kiss,

From those sweet lips of thine ;

Without thee I'd ne'er tasted bliss ;

'Tis now indeed thou'rt mine.

And though I go, my love,

Faithful to death I'll prove,

I swear by heaven above.

Adieu, adieu !

## MELODY—LIV.

*“ I remember, I remember.”*

I remember, I remember  
When I was young and gay,  
I thought my strength would never fail,  
That life would ne'er decay.  
I troll'd the boyish song with glee ;  
I laugh'd and play'd with joy,  
Nor did I know that pain and death  
Were human life's alloy.

I remember, I remember  
My mother sometimes said—  
“ Time's than gold more precious far,  
“ And man eats bitter bread :  
“ The world's a stage of mimicry  
“ Made up of many parts,  
“ And, strange to say, the actors all  
“ Resort to Players' arts.”

I remember, I remember  
The vale I dearly lov'd ;  
Our garden—with the flow'rs it grew,  
And the banks o'er which I rov'd.

Oh ! how like a pleasant dream  
Was boyhood's youth and joy—  
A tear, a tear, steals down my cheek :  
I wish I were a boy !

## MELODY—LV.

*“ This blushing rose I give thee, Jane.”*

This blushing rose I give thee, Jane,  
Sweet emblem of the maid,  
Whose every charm deserves a name—  
A name unsung, unsaid !

This blushing rose, so like to thee,  
I pluck'd in morning's hour ;  
While yet delighted memory  
Compar'd thee to each flow'r.

Then take it Jane, it's blooming now,  
Yet its life is like a river ;  
Quickly it glides away—but *thou*,  
Dear maid, shalt live for ever !

## MELODY—LVI.

*“The World it is a naughty school.”*

The world it is a naughty school,  
A school of vice and folly ;  
It is the birth-place of the fool,  
The goal of melancholy !

The world is well enough, indeed,  
But there are persons in it  
*Whom I don't like*, upon my creed,  
As ye will know who read it !

The world it might be decent yet,  
If 'twere not for the many  
Who, by the mass ! too oft forget  
To give their neighbours any

Loaves and fishes, silver, gold,  
And such like glittering trash,  
On which to live when one gets old—  
While young—to cut a dash !

The world !—it is but Folly's school ;  
And Folly laughs abroad :  
But worse is he than Folly's fool—  
*Who follows* in his road !

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## MELODY—LVII.

*“Come gentle Evening, come.”*

**Come gentle Evening, come,—**  
**I long to be at rest :**  
**Hail thou blissful home —**  
**Mansion supremely blest !**

**Come sweet Eva, love,**  
**List to my wild notes now ;**  
**Oh how my heart will prove**  
**What's writ upon my brow !**

**Ethereal Eva—mine :**  
**Subdue the pangs of grief :**  
**Give me thy thoughts sublime ;**  
**My life—twill prove but brief !**

**Come my angelic Eve !**  
**I long to be set free :**  
**My soul this shell would leave**  
**For bright eternity !**



## MELODY—LVIII.

*“Joy to the heart that joy would give.”*

Joy to the heart that joy would give ;  
I bless the cheerful sound :  
Pardon to those who would forgive,  
And heal affliction’s wound.

Peace to the mind that knows no peace ;  
I love sweet comfort’s voice ;  
It is th’ o’erflowing balm of grace,  
Bidding the heart rejoice.

And happiness I fain would give,  
Though I may know it not :  
It is not wise in *fear* to live,—  
Why doubt our future lot ?

To all of human kind I say,  
Take comfort, ye,—take rest :  
Life’s but a long, a care-worn day—  
Get wisdom—and be blest !

## MELODY—LIX.

*“The magical tricolor standard’s unfurl’d.”*

## I.

The magical tricolor standard’s unfurl’d,  
And the conquerors’ glory ennobles the world :  
We hail thee, proud Gallia, first, first of the free !  
Now thy banners of liberty float o’er the sea.  
Thy Monarch’s a freeman, a right royal king,  
Who will rule for his people, and happiness bring.  
’Tis Liberty’s flag—’tis the flag of the brave,  
It floats o’er the land—it floats o’er the wave.

## II.

The magical tricolor standard’s unfurl’d,  
And the conquerors’ glory ennobles the world :  
The bright streaming banner of valor and fame,  
Receive it ye nations, nor frown at its name !  
O cherish it Patriots, your talisman make it ;  
’Twill frighten all tyrants as it frighten’d the Capet !  
’Tis Liberty’s flag—’tis the flag of the free !  
Let it float o’er the land—let it float o’er the sea.



## III.

The magical tricolor standard's unfurl'd,  
And the conquerors' glory ennobles the world :  
Napoleon is dead, but his deeds are all told,  
And fondly remember'd by the brave and the bold ;  
Though freedom he knew not, for France he contended,  
He bigotry scorn'd, and the brave he befriended.  
The tricolor flag !—'tis the flag of the free,  
It floats o'er the land—it floats over the sea.

## IV.

The magical tricolor standard's unfurl'd,  
And the conquerors' glory ennobles the world :  
The neighbouring nations but emulate thee,  
They long to be glorious—they sigh to be free.  
All hail to thee Philip ! all hail to thy name !  
Thy example is glory, and honour, and fame.  
And the tricolor flag !—'tis the flag of the free,  
It floats o'er the land—it floats over the sea !

## MELODY—LX.

*“The sombre shadows of the night.”*

The sombre shadows of the night  
Fall thickly o'er the deep,  
Ere Cynthia's pure and virgin light  
Illumes a world's dull sleep.

There is a pause, an awful pause,  
'Mid Time's undying round ;  
Man may in vain inquire the cause—  
Deep-hidden—dark—profound.

Dark as was chaos, ere the sun,  
In infancy of power,  
His first day's golden race had run,  
Is this night's latest hour.

Her sister twin, dread Silence, sits  
With Melancholy's train ;  
And seal'd are bright Creation's lips—  
While my sad heart braves pain.

The willow, bending o'er yon stream,  
 An emblem is of man,  
 Who, here below, through love's fresh dream,  
 Forgets life's little span.

This should not be : This *shall* not be :  
 Reflect we now awhile ;  
 Our prospect—Immortality :  
 Man's hope—Jehovah's smile.

### MELODY—LXI.

*“ I saw the tear, a suppliant tear.”*

#### I.

I saw the tear, a suppliant tear,  
 Break forth from woman's eye,  
 And from her stole, refin'd and clear,  
 The long-embosom'd sigh.

#### II.

I could not weep in sweet return,  
 My heart was stricken sore ;  
 I felt my inmost bosom burn  
 With pain unknown before.

## MELODY—LXII.

“ *Flora, Flora, bring gay flowers.*”

Flora, Flora, bring gay flowers ;  
Bring me roses white and red ;  
Sweet lilies to perfume the bowers  
'Neath which to lay my weary head.

Twine, O twine, a death-wreath for me :  
Be it well inwove with gold :  
Let the laurel and the ivy  
Spread their leaves of charms untold.

Set it on yon couch of pleasure,  
Where, in sport, I've laugh'd with thee :  
Should health return, and I have *leisure*,  
Thou shalt have “ kind words” from me !

Wreath from Flora's hands, how beauteous !  
Away with thoughts of death's dull sleep ;  
Flora's ever kind and duteous :  
I would not have the goddess weep !



## MELODY—LXIII.

DEDICATED TO THE FRENCH NATION.

## I.

Proud Tree of Liberty,  
Hail to thee, hail to thee !  
By the Patriot's heart and hand ;  
By our birth-right—native land ;  
By the blessed ties of love ;  
By our faith in heaven above ;  
By those bright orbs all shining there ;  
By Sacred Truth,—we freely swear  
To worship thee, to worship thee,  
Unfading Tree of Liberty !

## II.

Proud Tree of Liberty,  
Hail to thee, hail to thee !  
By Britannia's generous soul ;  
By the Virtues' blest controul ;  
By the divinity of right ;  
By the spring of living light ;  
By those bright orbs all shining there ;  
By Sacred Truth,—we freely swear  
To worship thee, to worship thee,  
Unfading Tree of Liberty !



## III.

Proud Tree of Liberty,  
Hail to thee, hail to thee !  
By th' immortal soul's high birth ;  
By the ties which bind to earth ;  
By our daughters' smiles and tears ;  
By their mothers' hopes and fears ;  
By our homes' endearing shade ;  
By those joys which never fade ;  
We swear, we swear, to worship thee,  
Unfading Tree of Liberty !

## IV.

Proud Tree of Liberty,  
Hail to thee, hail to thee !  
By Apollo's living lyre ;  
By immortal Homer's fire ;  
By all the triumphs of the Nine ;  
By all that's lovely and divine ;  
By those bright orbs all shining there ;  
By Sacred Truth,—we proudly swear  
To worship thee, to worship thee,  
Unfading Tree of Liberty !



## MELODY—LXIV.

*“The Battle Storm.”*

## I.

The Battle-storm, the Battle-storm,  
It rides upon the wind ;  
How terrible the human form !  
The war-impassion'd mind !

## II.

I hear it still—I hear it now,  
The trumpet's brazen voice,  
They meet in arms: ah! note yon brow !  
That leader's gallant choice !

## III.

“Vict'ry or glorious death !” he cries,  
And onward spurs his steed ;  
He finds them both: see where he lies !  
But he gains immortal meed.

## IV.

England, my country, thus thy sons  
Devote themselves to thee ;  
Thus Nelson fell, thus Wolfe expir'd ;  
And so, if need, should *we* !



## MELODY—LXV.

*“In dire misfortune’s dreaded hour.”*

In dire misfortune’s dreaded hour,  
To heaven men wildly cry,  
And madly supplicate that power,  
Mid human misery.

The uplifted countenance but speaks  
The mind’s disease—despair :  
As yet, estrang’d, thus man but seeks  
To conquer heaven by pray’r.

Man’s heart shall never taste delight,  
Nor shall it breathe pure love,  
Before he worship Light and Life—  
Drinks from the fount above.

Yes, then it is he feels his soul  
Rise far above his might :  
And seeks to learn the one controul  
Which stays his spirit’s flight.

Thus man is reconcil’d to life :  
Duteous and mild he lives,  
Remote from scenes of guilt or strife  
He dwells, and freely gives.

## MELODY—LXVI.

*“ Devonian Maid.”*

Devonian Maid ! Devonian Maid !  
As beautiful as ever ;  
Thy unstrung lyre where hast thou laid—  
In silence, love, for ever ?

The wild notes of thy murmuring lute,  
I long have heard with pain ;  
Alas ! those lips are seal'd and mute—  
Oh speak, love ! once again.

Oh make some sign by which my heart  
May feel its wonted glow ;  
For thou and I too soon must part—  
Smile, smile love, e'er I go.

When first I knew thee, O how fair,  
How young and proud wert thou ;  
But ah ! I may not here declare  
How grief has blanch'd thy brow !

## MELODY—LXVII.

*“ My Love’s asleep in yon green field.”*

My Love’s asleep in yon green field,  
Attend him pretty bird ;  
More sweetness to his slumbers yield—  
Let thy wild notes be heard.

Some anxious looks around I cast ;  
His absence deeply mourn ;  
Whene’er his dreams are gone and past,  
Oh, prompt him to return.

A rose-tree ’neath my bower grows,  
With blooming branches drest ;  
And underneath my sweet moss-rose,  
There thou shalt make thy nest.

But go, and sing near my true love,  
Nor let thy notes be loud ;  
Go warbler, go, and light above,  
Upon the summer cloud !



## MELODY—LXVIII.

*“Come to my Festal Board with glee.”*

Come to my festal board with glee,  
Come to my festal board ;  
My hall's lit up and we'll merry be,  
When the wine is freely poured.  
The noblest hearts of mirth and joy  
Have echo'd with me sweet song ;  
While the spirit of peace disown'd alloy  
And the night essay'd to prolong.

Come to my festal board with speed,  
Come to my festal board ;  
Thy story bring of martial deed,  
And honour's sacred word :  
We court not earth's dull sons of pride,  
We would not have them here :  
Stern manhood hath its own high tide,  
While life's in full career.

Come to my festal board in peace,  
Come to my festal board :  
And may your joy with our's increase,  
'Tis friendship's own reward.

Of brav'ry sing and liberty,  
Old Rome and Greece belov'd ;  
Of France, too, proud ;—her sons are *free*,  
And valiant all have prov'd.

Come to my festal board with song,  
Come to my festal board :  
The better part of mirth prolong  
While yet the wine is poured :  
The sunny hours of manhood's prime  
Are bright, but soon decay ;  
Just like the vanish'd years of time,  
As fleeting, too, as they !

Come to my festal board amain,  
Come to my festal board :  
We banish there all earth-born pain—  
There, strife was never heard.  
Those hours of *calm* to us are dear,  
And unforgotten, live :  
Bright beauty's sigh may prompt the *tear*,  
But age shall tears outlive !

Come to my festal board, be sure,  
Come to my festal board :  
Bring each a friend, his gloom to cure,  
Of this be well assur'd ;—  
Or friend or foe will cherish us :  
We speak but friendship's voice,—  
Brother ! we live to learn—and thus  
Bid wise and good rejoice.



## MELODY—LXIX.

*“ Smile on, smile on, my dearest.”*

Smile on, smile on my dearest :  
I love thy maiden smile :  
For me I know thou carest,  
And will life's hours beguile.

Smile on, smile on my dearest,  
For I am proud to own,  
For me that smile thou wearest,  
Yes, thou art, love, mine own.

Smile on, smile on my dearest,  
'Twas thou my heart's chain wove :  
Oh thou to me art nearest ;  
Thou art my own true love.

Smile on, smile on my dearest,  
I love thy soothing smile ;  
For me I know thou carest,  
And will life's hours beguile.



## MELODY—LXX.

*“ March away to Glory.”*

March away to glory,  
 To vict’ry march away :  
 Proud of your patriot story—  
 Awake, arise—away !

On, on ;—your country calls !  
 Dash down the blood-red lance :  
 Make *glad* your fathers’ halls ;  
 Your mothers’ *fight* for France !

Glory and France, awake !  
 The night falls dark and drear :  
 Up ! for your birth-right’s sake—  
 Dream not of grief nor fear !

Freedom hath sorely pin’d :—  
 Shall Liberty still bleed ?  
 Each soul shall be sublim’d  
 By ev’ry god-like deed !

Glory and France, awake !  
 Awake my voiceless lute !  
 For our dear country’s sake  
 I would not have thee *mute.*



Sound the alarm with ire :  
Nations o'er thee rejoice ;  
Lift up thy head—aspire !  
Ennobl'd be thy voice !

“ Glory and France,” the theme :  
“ Freedom and Peace,” the cause ;  
The Patriot's golden dream ;  
Echo, a world's applause.

### MELODY—LXXI.

“ *Drink of the cup which Bacchus brings.*”

Drink of the cup which Bacchus brings,  
To raise your drooping spirits now ;  
Some draught divine it is that flings  
Joy o'er man's lonely heart and brow.

From Lethe's cavern'd depths it comes ;  
In that dark stream 'twas brightly flowing,  
'Twill save thee from the place of tombs,  
And gladly keep the taper glowing.

Life's cares, life's ills, life's pleasures, too,  
Are all improv'd by gen'rous wine ;  
Come taste the cup—'tis sound, 'tis true—  
Drink ! and again the sun will shine !

## MELODY—LXXII.

*“The Queen of the Isles, my country, smiles.”*

The Queen of Isles, my country, smiles  
On *all* around her throne ;  
Her Naval King doth honour bring ;  
In valour yields to none.  
Mistress of glee, enlighten'd, free,  
We hail thy name with pride ;  
Monarchs must flee to such as thee  
In safety to abide.

The Russ may come, the Austr'an, Don,  
And other nameless things ;  
Whene'er they dare their thoughts declare  
We'll write them worthless kings.  
The war-plum'd lion of our Zion,  
Now couchant in his den,  
Shall make them quail in freedom's pale,  
And prove them less than men.

The orient rays of glorious days  
Gild Mem'ry's gray horizon ;  
Forget not *we*—Britons are *free*,  
Nor will a *reed* rely on :

They worship fame, and not a *name* ;  
They're knit in patriot band ;  
Nature a kiss impress'd in bliss  
On this our native land !

## MELODY—LXXIII.

“ *Morna, to thee I know full well.*”

Morna ! to thee I know full well  
I owe my happiness ;  
And all I've felt of hope's bright spell  
To thy pure loveliness.

Then dearest Morna, chide me not,  
My heart is all thine own ;  
I would not choose another lot  
Though that bright hope had flown.

Thou know'st I love thee tenderly ;  
I've *prov'd* that I'm sincere ;  
Then wound me not thus carelessly,  
Nor cause another tear !

## MELODY—LXXIV.

*“A loyal old Tar, or a Sailor am I.”*

A loyal old Tar, or a Sailor am I,  
From a land that's protected by heaven ;  
And sure you may see by this negative eye,  
That with England's fierce foe I have striven.  
That with, &c.

My name, be it known, I seek not to hide,  
For I'd rather you heard it at once,  
They call me Will Foremost, who ne'er turn'd aside,  
Or look'd on misfortune askance.  
Or look'd, &c.

I have fought for my country in all sorts of clime,  
I have liv'd on the seas all my life,  
And I've been where a sunbeam was ne'er seen to shine,  
And though I *wish'd*—I ne'er took a wife.  
And though, &c.

The women ! 'od bless'em—I think they like me,  
My blue jacket, and well-meaning face ;  
And tho' long I have been on our isle's guardian sea,  
I'm just dreaming of wedding apace.  
I'm just dreaming, &c.

My honour's my own, and so is my gold,  
 And my country is dearer than either ;  
 So I'll marry—and if I should live to wax old  
*At home* I'll “keep watch” on the weather !  
 At home, &c.

And let ev'ry brave Tar of our dear native land  
 Be proud of his country's blest name ;  
 And let him obey, yes with joy, the command  
 Of the Captain who leads him to fame.  
 Of the Captain, &c.

### MELODY—LXXV.

“With *Gallia's wine* fill high the bowl.”

With Gallia's wine fill high the bowl,  
 Jove's nectar pour'd not half so lightly ;  
 Drink ! and 'twill raise the noble soul ;  
 E'en glory's rays will glow more brightly.

With gallant hearts and patriot hands,  
 Well did ye strive in unity ;  
 Crown'd with applause your country stands  
 Foremost 'mong nations greatly free.

Aye, brim the bowl from your native wine,  
 For Liberty now gives it splendor ;  
 Drink ! quaff gaily ! the draught's divine,  
 Here's “To France and Philip-Defensor !”

## MELODY—LXXVI.

*“ I will seek my love, I will seek my love.”*

I will seek my love, I will seek my love,  
In yonder fane a lone in the grove ;  
Though I fear he has wander'd far away  
With the breath of morn and early day.

I will seek my love, I will seek my love,  
With affection strong like the pensive dove,  
Still wandering wide on noiseless wing,  
In search of her mate and loitering spring.

I will seek my love, I will seek my love,  
To give him in charge the wreath we wove  
In our soft-speaking days, when the flush of youth  
Had blinded our eyes to the words of truth.

I will seek my love, I will seek my love,  
When the conscious moon keeps watch above,  
Or the breaking clouds of far-spent night,  
Shall unveil the spirit of morn and light.

## MELODY—LXXVII.

*“With songs of glee and sounds of joy.”*

With songs of glee and sounds of joy,  
Let British hearts rejoice ;  
Their mirth should live without alloy,  
Like Fame’s enduring voice.

This sacred isle was kindly given  
To succour and to save ;  
Come one, come all, who’ve nobly striven  
For the right which nature gave.

Rent from the Continent, we live,  
In peace—exalted—free ;  
With hearts elate we proudly give  
Freedom to slavery.

Yon world of woe beyond the seas,  
That wilderness of pains ;  
No longer there the Afric sees  
Rapine, and blood, and chains.

England shall stand as she hath stood,  
The Empress-Queen of Isles ;  
Her free-born sons are nobly good—  
There lovely Woman smiles.

With songs of glee, and sounds of joy,  
Let British hearts rejoice,  
Their mirth should live without alloy,  
Like Fame's enduring voice.

## MELODY—LXXVIII.

*“It was not her's, it was not mine.”*

It was not her's, it was not mine,  
To love each other long ;  
But, oh ! her portraiture divine  
Belongeth not to song.

She pass'd away, she pass'd away,  
With gentle steps and slow ;  
And from that sphere of argent day  
Illumes my path below.

And there she sits in golden vest ;  
Immortal is that beauty ;  
She beckons me to kindred rest,  
Fain would I fly at her behest,  
But earthly chains fast bind me.



## MELODY—LXXIX.

*“They tell me I am like the leaf.”*

They tell me I am like the leaf,  
The leaf that's doom'd to fade ;  
That life, at most, is very brief ;  
That I shall die a maid !

In this wide world I never met,  
One man who told the truth ;  
And some there are who'd fume and fret  
E'en at a gentle Ruth !

They never think that maidens *feel*  
What *they* have never felt ;  
They think *my* heart is cased with steel  
'Cause *theirs* will never melt !

They never look one in the face,  
But rudely laugh and talk ;  
And this they call a manly grace,  
And thus they ever walk !

They never think that youth grows old ;  
That maids, like trees, may wither ;  
Their only search is land or gold ;  
Alas ! they come not hither !

## MELODY—LXXX.

*“Morning’s breath how balm !”*

## I.

Morning’s breath how balm !  
The heavens above how blue ;  
Ocean’s breast, how calm !  
Marian, love, adieu !

## II.

The bee is on the wing ;  
High sings the lark aloft ;  
The charms of blooming spring,  
Marian, mark how soft.

## III.

The day is up and clear,  
All nature teems with joy ;  
Now life, love, is most dear :  
Marian ! why so coy ?



## MELODY—LXXXI.

*“When Fortune frowns and Friends depart.”*

When Fortune frowns, and Friends depart,  
In desolation's hour,  
How droopingly the human heart  
Looks upward to that power  
From whence all goodness freely flows,  
The Power supreme o'er human woes.

'Tis then, ah ! only then, it dwells,  
On some exalted theme ;  
Seeks heaven, rejecting earthly spells  
And mortal care's dull dream :  
How faintly then the lamp of life  
Reflects its beams on worldly strife !

On earth we see that every change  
Of fortune and of pride,  
Through every stage of man's wide range,  
Through life's receding tide,  
Is but the impress of one seal—  
The stamp of Fate—or woe or wail.

## MELODY—LXXXII.

*“There is health in the breeze that floats o'er the sea.”*

There is life in the breeze that floats o'er the sea,  
There is health in the pure-breathing air,  
Joy flows from the heart that is happy and free  
And tastes not of grief nor despair.

O how happy am I in my passage through life,  
'Mid the fair scenes of worldly delight ;  
I never knew envy, I have stirred up no strife,  
I walk lightly through sunshine or night.

I gather some portion of all our earth gives,  
Though great riches I do not possess ;  
I love well the Briton who sings as he lives,  
Yet has ever a hand for distress.

And should fortune command me to hold the same path,  
I'll obey without murmur or noise ;  
I will on—nor e'er grudge what the Emperor hath,  
For Contentment's a sweet that ne'er cloys.

## MELODY—LXXXIII.

*“Cupid one morning chanc’d to stray.”*

Cupid one morning chanc’d to stray,  
Where the mild, fragrant, new-mown hay  
Smelt sweeter than the rose ;  
A rippling current flow’d along,  
The distant bell, the linnet’s song,  
Seem’d courting soft repose.

Pity, a meek and gentle maid,  
To the same lonely spot had stray’d,  
Unknowing any harm ;  
The Boy observ’d her easy pace,  
Her graceful mien, her modest face,  
Admir’d her every charm.

They met : she blushed : he gazing stood,  
Whilst in warm tides his burning blood,  
Now ebb’d, now flow’d,  
Th’ enamoured god  
Confess’d his ardent love,  
Conjured her by great Jove  
To pity and relieve.  
She heard—she sigh’d—she wept :  
Her guardian angel slept :  
Ah ! why will maids believe !

The soft, the scented, undulating breeze,  
That scarcely mov'd the parch'd-up trees,  
Witness'd their mutual flame ;  
And hence arose that heavenly power  
Which soothes misfortune's dreary hour,  
Sweet Charity her name.

The liberal hand, the pitying sigh,  
The melting breast, the moisten'd eye,  
That weeps at others' woe,  
Are her's : she opes the Miser's hoard,  
Makes Av'rice spread the ample board  
His bounty to bestow.  
Go then, and Charity's soft influence prove,  
Whose looks speak Pity and whose smiles are Love.

## MELODY—LXXXIV.

*“ On the eagle's never-wearying wing.”*

On the eagle's never-wearying wing,  
Fain would I flee away ;  
In search of that unfading spring  
Which lives in nightless day.

Fain would my spirit buoyant rise  
From earth's poor joys and cares ;  
There's nothing bright beneath the skies ;  
Man's home's in other spheres !



## MELODY—LXXXV.

*“ O thou who in purpureal bowers.”*

O thou who in purpureal bowers  
 Of amaranth enthron'd sublime,  
 Joyous wing'st the circling hours,  
 Chaunting wild the magic rhyme !

Hail Poesy ! whose soft controul  
 In pleasing chains entrals the soul ;  
 Fairest of forms, to whom 'tis given  
 To range the starry courts of heaven ;  
 Twin-born with her,\* who from the sounding shell  
 Bids thrilling tones in living numbers swell :

To thee ! to thee ! sweet Poesy !  
 Fancy's airy hosts belong—  
 To thee the powers of harmony,  
 The liquid stream of song !

To thee, of old, was rais'd the strain of madness ;  
 To thee as often flowed the sigh of sadness ;  
 To thee, to thee,  
 Happier *we*,  
 Raise the votive hymn of grateful gladness,  
 Lov'd Poesy !

## MELODY—LXXXVI.

*“In yon fresh-blooming bower a priceless flower.”*

In yon fresh-blooming bower a priceless flower  
In radiant beauty sits musing now :  
But where is the bard with the magical power  
To paint her smile or her ivory brow !

O hasten ye daughters of innocent pleasure  
To gaze on this flower and tell me true,  
That mine is a treasure of peerless measure,  
Pure as pure faith, and as gentle as dew !

Follow young Romans, ye sons of the garden,\*  
To see this fair emblem of spring-time and joy ;  
Your Stoicks, I know, will present ye their pardon,  
If ye sip now of pleasure without its alloy.

The men of the world, O they anxiously ask me  
Where I found this flower of delicate growth ;  
I tell them I know not, but her name it's Alethe,  
And that heaven intended each other for both !

\* The followers of Epicurus.



I tell them, in jest, too, from all kinds of weather,  
I protect my sweet flower, by day and by night ;  
In short, that we revel in true-love together,  
And enjoy the warm sun and its beautiful light.

To thee, sweetest flow'r, I owe all I delight in,  
To thee belongs gratitude, constancy, love ;  
And though the world's gaze to thy charms I'm inviting,  
They may search, but in vain, for my dear turtle-dove !

## MELODY—LXXXVII.

*“ Smile my fair Corinthian maid.”*

Smile my fair Corinthian maid,  
Oh smile again on me ;  
My barque is on the waters laid,  
And I must brave the sea.

Forget not him who, on the main,  
Must wander far and wide ;  
Forget not him whose bosom's pain  
Must swell like ocean's tide.

Ah, like Arabia's desert soil,  
Will be my sinking spirit ;  
Absent from thee, life's but a toil ;  
There's not a green spot in it.

## MELODY—LXXXVIII.

*“Taste of the cup which Pleasure fills.”*

Taste of the cup which Pleasure fills,  
And revel deeply in mental glee,  
A charm 'twill prove 'gainst worldly ills,  
Though *lonely* thou art, and proud thou be.

The generous acts of thy early youth,  
The conscious tone of thy manly heart,  
Will subdue the smart of neglect or ruth,  
And pourtray to the world thy better part.

In the morn of bloom, when the finger of time  
Points to early days, and years untold,  
We dream not of age, nor of manhood's prime,  
We think not of feeling or growing old.

'Tis ever thus in the spring-tide of life,  
We live and laugh the bright hours away,  
Thrice happy he who encounters no strife,  
Who sleeps with the night and smiles with day.



The glory of youth is a chivalrous scene,  
A picture of colours in proud array ;  
Laid in while this earth look'd fair and green,  
When nature despised and denied decay.

Taste of the cup which Pleasure fills,  
And revel gaily in mental glee ;  
A charm 'twill prove 'gainst worldly ills,  
Though feeble thou art and old thou be !

#### MELODY—LXXXIX.

*“The dreams of Memory oft come.”*

The dreams of Memory oft come  
Like morning's sun-born sheen,  
To tell us of our cradle-home,  
And youth's enchanted scene.

The dreams of Memory *may* bring  
Pleasure and pure delight ;  
But o'er the soul more frequent fling  
Sorrow's infectious blight.

Come Memory's dream--come now,  
And come without surprise ;  
Remind me of my early vow  
Of love—and Julia's eyes !

## MELODY—XC.

*“The bright day-star of Liberty shines.”*

The bright day-star of Liberty shines,  
The ancient, the natural light !  
The Patriot's warm heart it sublimes,  
As he calls for the vict'ry of right !

See, see on the field of red Mars,  
The sons of proud Gaul and of story ;  
The citizen-soldier of wars  
Which lead but to freedom and glory.

Hurrah ! for the cause of the free !  
Three cheers for the Orleans and France !  
Let their echoes bound over the sea,  
And over the land let them dance !

For the day-star of Liberty shines ;  
The ancient, the natural light !  
The Patriot's warm heart it sublimes  
As he fights for the vict'ry of right !

## MELODY—XCI.

*“Softly tread upon that tomb.”*

Softly tread upon that tomb,  
The tomb of Mary-Jane ;  
Pluck not the flowers of death and gloom  
Which still surround the fane.

Light be the earth on her cold cheek,  
And bright the letter'd scroll ;  
Let truth and sentiment there speak  
The language of her soul.

In life's young spring she sweetly bloom'd,  
A beauteous, peerless flow'r ;  
Yet, ah, her angel-form was doom'd  
To droop in autumn's hour !

So fades the blooming rose, when night  
Spreads out her chilling pall ;  
So droops the human heart's delight—  
Sorrow's the lot of all !

## MELODY—XCII.

*“The troubled seas were roaring.”*

## A BALLAD.

The troubled seas were roaring,  
And the winged winds blew high,  
I, my Mary still adoring,  
Wip'd the tear from her blue eye.

Farewell, my dearest Mary !  
I leave thee—joyless—lone ;  
All comfortless and dreary,  
Yet go I must, lov'd one !

O'er trackless deeps of danger,  
To climes remote and fair,  
I sail, a wayward ranger,  
But will not tarry there.

Thy love shall voyage with me,  
Thy smile shall cheer my way ;  
My thoughts I'll freely give thee—  
I must—I must away !



If fav'ring fortune aid me,  
 Should fame proclaim my name,  
 Oh ! I will hasten to thee—  
 In joy or grief the same.

Then farewell, Mary, dearest,  
 My first, my only love ;  
 To me thou'rt ever nearest,  
 Wherever I may rove !

### MELODY—XCIII.

*"I love the voice of Constancy."*

I love the voice of Constancy ;  
 It is a sweeter sound  
 Than e'er I heard in infancy,  
 Or manhood's years have found.

The lover's crown, is Constancy ;  
 It is a priceless gem of pride ;  
 It gives to truth its buoyancy ;  
 'Tis the heart's o'erflowing tide.

O I love the voice of Constancy ;  
 It is a sweet and holy sound ;  
 Pure as the smile of infancy ;  
 Stronger than death is found !

## MELODY—XCIV.

*“I arose, I arose, with lightsome joy.”*

I arose, I arose, with lightsome joy,  
When I was young, wild nature's boy,  
At the happy dawn of the new-born day  
And wander'd o'er hill and dale away—  
Away from the vale of mirth and song,  
Away from scenes of the soul-less throng ;  
Remote from cities and customs rude,  
At a distance from man and ingratitude—

Ingratitude !

I arose, I arose, to sleep again,  
Nor dreamt I of care or worldly pain :  
My heart was light, my bosom beat high,  
Nor had I yet felt misfortune's sigh,  
Hours all blithe, and full days of joy,  
Were mine while I roam'd a thoughtless boy,  
And gaz'd on the waste of the bounding sea,  
From the beetling cliffs of my country free—

My country free !

I arose, I arose, with melodious song,  
And wander'd at will the day to prolong ;  
The bugle I sounded, both far and near,  
To proclaim my approach to those held dear :



Throughout the lone valley of beautiful green,  
 My flute I played 'mid the sylvan scene :  
 The wild notes of jocund youth shall bring,  
 Daughters of beauty and flowers of spring—  
 Flowers of spring !

## MELODY—XCV.

*"I feel the tread of swiftly-moving Time."*

I feel the tread of swiftly-moving Time,  
 And see Night's ebon wing around me spread ;  
 Rise, cheering moon, in beauty rise sublime,  
 Illume, illume, the living and the dead.  
 Silence and Darkness—Creation's sisters born—  
 Twins inseparable from th' undying birth,  
 Ere yet the Lord of Light commanded morn,  
 Or the glad sun lit up with joy our earth.

It is the hour—the hour of solemn song,  
 Of thought profound, and meditation deep ;  
 When spirits blest their sainted strains prolong  
 Around heaven's throne : but man is lost in sleep !  
 O could one sound of ever-living praise  
 Reach dull ears below !—with what delight,  
 In tuneful unison my voice I'd raise,  
 Unworthy though it be, Great Source of Light !  
 Nature sits deep—and shadows forth her forms :  
 Here high-born man—there tomb-destroying worms !

## MELODY—XCVI.

*“Shall we not praise, in these our days.”*

Shall we not praise, in these our days,  
Freedom's immortal bands,  
Who rent in twain Gaul's iron chain,  
And bound the tyrant's hands ?

Dark was the hour and dread the power  
Of him who, bent on blood,  
Saw naught of harm, felt no alarm,  
'Till vengeance came at flood !

Lo ! before us—one all-glorious—  
Philip ! victorious, wise ;  
They surround him, who'll defend him,  
A monarch's best allies.

Majestic France, with sword and lance,  
Declared the living truth :—  
'Twas heard in heav'n, for ye have thriv'n,  
Thrice-honor'd Gallic youth !

Nor let the sound of truth confound,  
Less daring sons of liberty :  
Better to fall at freedom's call,  
Than live in ease ingloriously !



## MELODY—XCVII.

*“ O'er a wild stormy sea, 'mid the darkness of night.”*

O'er a wild stormy sea, 'mid the darkness of night,  
We steer'd a swift course to this beautiful isle,  
For we saw by the electrical flashes of light,  
'Twas an island of bliss, wearing Liberty's smile.

'Tis our privilege now to call Britain our home,  
Empress-Queen of old Ocean, Earth's bulwark of  
fame ;  
And though much has been sung both of Greece and of  
Rome,  
Give me Nature's pet pride, merry England her  
name.

'Tis a soul-stirring lot to live bravely and free ;  
To fight for our country—maintain her just cause ;  
To the widow and orphan a protector to be,  
And receive from the worthy support and applause.

Here's a health to the man with a heart that's sincere,  
Whose bosom, tho' bare, owns a scorn of false praise,  
Whose eye hath been flooded with pity's soft tear,  
Who will feel for distress, and the lowly upraise.

With sparkling Champagne, or with Burgundy fill ;  
Come, let me persuade ye ! ye're more than supine ;  
For myself I'm quite happy—a free denizen still—  
“ English minds, English manners, and Friendship  
divine !”

## MELODY—XCVIII.

“ *My Morna's Eye.*”

My Morna's eye—my Morna's eye,  
What flow'r on earth can match its dye !  
Nor hyacinth nor violets.vie  
With the tender hue of my Morna's eye.

No sparkling glance, no ardent charm,  
For love, true lasting love, too warm ;  
No fears her lover's heart alarm,  
My Morna never dreams of harm.

No storms arise, no clouds collect,  
No frowns her lover's hopes have wreckt ;  
Her eyes, like wells of intellect,  
A deep, clear heav'n of light reflect.

My Morna's eye,—my Morna's eye,  
No flow'r on earth can match its dye !  
Nor hyacinth nor violets vie  
With the lovely hue of my Morna's eye



## MELODY—XCIX.

*“ Farewell, farewell, my Island Queen.”*

Farewell, farewell, my Island Queen ;  
Our sea-born isle, adieu !  
A sad farewell might fitly seem,  
Since, Marian, I leave you.  
Ah, where shall be my resting-place,  
Or where shall be my home,  
When of thy face I lose the trace,  
Far, far away, and lone !

The storm-bred eagle spreads on high  
His dark, prophetic wings ;  
When death or shipwreck draweth nigh,  
That scream o'er each he flings :—  
The wind is up, and all abroad,  
I hear it roaring now ;  
The deck is by the helmsman strode  
With meditative brow.

Blow winds, roll waves, I heed ye not ;  
I feel my lot is cast ;  
That those I love forget me not,  
But tremble at the blast.  
Once more, farewell, my Island Queen !  
My song shall live to tell,  
To thee how faithful I have been—  
Our sea-born isle—farewell !

## MELODY—C.

*“ Together we have walk'd awhile.”*

Together *we* have walk'd awhile,  
In Friendship's pleasant glade ;  
But thou art blest with woman's smile,  
Whilst I pursue the *shade* !

A coldness now comes o'er my heart,  
And Life's monotony I dread ;  
With joy I may not act my part ;  
The tear of loneliness I shed.

High on the broken waves of hope  
My shallop still rides on ;  
Still firm the anchor and the rope,  
Which life depends upon.

Together let us walk for aye,  
In Friendship's sunshine free ;  
I love the spell of Friendship's tie ;  
And I'll say the same for thee !

## MELODY—CI.

*“ Bright Sol illumes the bounding wave.”*

Bright Sol illumes the bounding wave,  
And decks with flow'rs the lea ;  
His beam lights up the lonely grave,  
And gilds adversity.

Light of that Light which fires the whole,  
Descend, descend on me,  
Let fall one ray to cheer my soul,  
And set my spirit free.

Hail to thy glorious beams, bright sun !  
I love to sing of thee ;—  
Haply, ere thy bright course be run,  
My spirit *may* free !

## MELODY—CII.

*“The hour’s at hand, the moment’s near.”*

The hour’s at hand, the moment’s near,  
I feel the pang—the pang of parting ;  
I fain with thee would shed the tear,  
But, love, thou know’st—the coach is starting !

Long may’st thou live, heart of my heart,  
And smile in health and beauty ;  
Where’er I go, whate’er my part,  
I’ll honour e’en thy—shoe-tie !

So, Rosa, kiss me ere I rove ;  
One smack !—oh, that was well-done !  
Adieu, sweet girl, my *only* love ;  
“ I’ll *think* of thee”—in London !



## MELODY—CIII.

*“Phantoms of Hope! away, away!”*

Phantoms of Hope! away, away!  
I'll never know ye more;  
Oft have your spells derang'd my lay—  
I'm wiser than before!

And Fancy's voiceless whispers, too,  
Begone, begone, for aye;  
Ye bring us neught but bitter woe,  
And lead the heart astray.

Those airy flights of fever'd bliss,  
How poor—how vain they were!  
How prone to wreck the soul in this  
Deep gulph of worldly care!

The fire of Genius burneth yet:  
The manly breast swells high;  
Virtue's bright sun shall never set  
In Disappointment's sky.

## MELODY—CIV.

*“The Cataract, how grand its voice.”*

The Cataract, how grand its voice !  
Behold its frightful fall ;  
See how the rapids rush, rejoice,  
And madly leap o'er all !  
There's music in the torrent stream,  
While arched above 's the Iris' beam.

The Cataract—a glorious sight  
To watch its headlong rage ;  
To gaze on th' gath'ring waters' light  
As down, from stage to stage,  
They roll, they dash, with furious roar,  
Wakening Echo's voice in cavern hoar.

Below, I see the river's bed,  
And far in front the troubl'd sea ;  
By admiration now I'm led  
To list its loud monotony :  
How beautiful the setting sun  
Has o'er the scene its crimson flung !



## MELODY—CV.

*“ There’s a much-lov’d grave down in the West.”*

There’s a much-lov’d grave down in the West,  
By the ever-rolling sea ;  
By wild flowers it shall soon be drest,  
And the tablet of memory.

In his cold, cold bed they laid him low ;  
All calmly there he sleepeth ;  
And his manly heart is free’d from woe—  
But *one* there is that weepeth.

The storm-bird shriek’d him a plaintive dirge,  
As he sank beneath the billow ;  
Yet the booming wave and the lashing surge  
Denied him a sandy pillow.

Farewell ! Farewell ! to the wise and good !  
Life glides like a rapid river ;  
It was but as yesterday he stood  
My more than friend—my Brother !



## MELODY—CVI.

*“ The British Isles ! The British Isles !”*

The British Isles ! The British Isles !  
There Manhood blooms, and Woman smiles ;  
There Freedom laughs aloud with joy,  
And Honour reigns without alloy.

Oh ! to those Isles let me repair,  
For I shall find, in beauty, there,  
The “ Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty,”  
And those brave hearts which rule the sea.

And I shall find my Marian, too,  
For Love to Liberty is true ;  
“ None but the brave deserve the fair” ;  
None but the free breathe Albion’s air !



## MELODY—CVII.

*“ One moment more—one moment more.”*

One moment more—one moment more  
For thou and I to love  
Each other, as we lov'd before,  
In sweet Retirement's grove.

One moment more,—and all is lost,  
Or all is gain'd by *thee* ;  
My little bark, still tempest toss'd,  
Lives well upon the sea.

One moment more—and thou art mine,  
Mine only, dearest maid ;  
“ I pledge this heart of mine for thine,”—  
Remember !—I have said.

No more we part—we two are one ;  
Our love shall know no limit ;  
And though my cot be small and lone,  
A warm heart beats within it !

## MELODY—CVIII.

*“Is there in this ever-changing life?”*

Is there in this ever-changing life  
A resting-place for me ?  
Shall aught prevail but madd’ning strife  
And dark malignity ?

Some walk along through flow’ry fields  
Fann’d by good-fortune’s gale ;  
Some seek no more than nature yields ;  
Some scale Ambition’s hill.

But I have ever been content  
To tread the beaten track ;  
Yet though I ne’er sought Pleasure’s tent,  
I’ve found Pain’s grinding rack.

Through every changing scene I find  
The *dullest* spirits wisest ;  
For if they boast not powers of mind,  
They’ve *powers* of that which human-kind  
Bow down to as divinest !



## MELODY—CIX.

*“The Roman heart and Grecian brow.”*

## I.

The Roman heart and Grecian brow,  
And eloquence and sense refin'd ;  
Actions all god-like ; and the vow  
Of patriot soul, of attic mind—  
These the admiring world shall own :  
Yet where are they? They all have flown !

## II.

Where are the mighty Cæsars now ?  
Where are their palaces and towers ?  
Beneath the hand of Time they bow  
Despite of royal pride and powers.  
How worthless is the gaudy gem  
That glittered in their diadem !

## III.

Their course is ran—the sun gone down ;  
Return'd to earth, from whence they came ;  
Good men may learn that e'en renown,  
However won 's but an empty name :—  
The terror of the Goth—but rust !  
The Queen of Empires—in the dust !



## MELODY—CX.

*“Spirit of Joy ! on thee I call.”*

Spirit of Joy ! on thee I call,  
And may’st thou heed my gentle voice  
While here I muse by the river’s fall—  
All lonely now—my heart’s best choice :  
Spirit of Joy ! wilt thou descend  
And be mine own familiar friend ?

Spirit ! I love the noiseless glen,  
When morning breaks, or at close of day ;  
I court not the laugh of thoughtless men,  
For I know that mirth will pass away :  
I despise the rude and boist’rous folly  
That only leads to melancholy.

Spirit ! thy “ charm” O give me now,  
I’ll revel with thee in quiet glee ;  
Light up my dark and fameless brow,  
Ere I quit this dull mortality :  
Thou shalt make me sing with brimming joy,  
And pleasure give without care’s alloy.



Spirit ! if thy calm revelry  
Be found congenial, cheering, kind,  
I'll offer a sacrifice to thee,  
A free-will offering of the mind.  
Thou can'st, I feel, life's cares beguile ;  
Spirit of Joy ! O deign thy smile !

## MELODY—CXI.

*“The love which lights up Beauty's eye.”*

The love which lights up Beauty's eye,  
Say shall it beam for ever ?  
Or shall it, like bright flow'rets, die,  
Nor glow again, oh never !

Beauty shall fade, as fades the rose ;  
From the fairest cheek shall sever ;  
There's not on earth that sweet repose  
Which lasts—which lasts for-ever !

## MELODY—CXII

*“Our Native Isle.”*

## I.

Our Native Isle !  
 Valour and Beauty's favourite seat—  
     Land of the Free,  
 Upheld by Neptune's “guardian hand” ;  
 Long may she prize her liberty ;  
     Its foes defeat !

## II.

By sire and son  
 Is rais'd th' unceasing patriot cry :—  
     A Wellington,  
 Though victor of a thousand fields,  
 Is taught that England never yields  
     Her liberty.

## III.

Dark is the hour,  
 And doubly sad the tale to tell,  
     When lawless Pow'r  
 Strives with the Heart which Freedom owns.  
 But what shall Pride or Pow'r avail  
     'Gainst Freedom's sons !



## MELODY—CXIII.

*“ Those dancing leaves and blooming flow’rs.”*

Those dancing leaves and blooming flow’rs,  
What language do they speak !  
They bring to mind life’s early hours,  
And youth’s bright, healthy cheek.

They tell us, too, of jocund years  
Of spring, without declining ;  
They seem to say, “ Hence idle fears,  
“ What boots your dull repining !”

They paint in colours, nature gave,  
A picture of gay delight ;  
They cannot charm away the grave,  
But they can cheer soul,  
And point to the goal  
Of endless life and of pure delight.

## MELVILLE.—CONT.

"The last Summer—"

O the lower Cambria hill,  
 Beeching over her train,  
 The sight will break thy heart—  
 Hail to brave Picton's hand!

The Cambrian Hill was broken  
 And broken was the land  
 Well-break'd in broken bosom, in  
 With nature's last appeal

The Cambrian Hill is all over my heart,  
 Is grander than the sun,  
 To-morrow we shall give back to you,  
 And hear to the last call.

O the charming 'Cambrian Hill'  
 In grandeur they stand;  
 The sight will for my bosom fill—  
 Hail to brave Picton's hand!

\* Last: Seven: for Thomas Picton, of happy memory, who died a glorious and untiring spirit in the battle of Waterloo.



## MELODY—CXV.

*“ The forest-trees are fading.”*

The forest-trees are fading,  
 The leaves fast fall and die ;  
 The blast now o'er them waving  
 But moans,—see where they lie !  
 And there they rot in sadness,  
 A countless, ruin'd heap ;  
 Disturbing my soul's gladness—  
 In sooth, they bid me weep.

Yet though I melt in manhood,  
 As in youth I oft did weep ;  
 I'm not of dull or sad mood,  
 And I can *sweetly* sleep.  
 Ah, nature's teeming lessons  
 Should teach us how to live ;  
 In vain, in vain, possessions,  
 If we know not how to *give* !

The Bee but gathers honey  
 To lay up for winter's store ;  
 The rich should *lend* their money  
 To Heav'n—and *feed the poor*.  
 For the greenest trees are fading ;  
 The leaves fast droop and die ;  
 Th' autumnal light is waning—  
 Death and the grave are nigh !

## MELODY—CXVI.

*“Harp of the West, methinks I hear.”*

Harp of the West ! methinks I hear  
More glorious sounds than thine  
Descending from yon radiant sphere—  
Sounds heavenly and sublime.

With morning's wing, O could I flee  
Away ! away ! from earth,  
To sweep those strings eternally  
And to *living* notes give birth !

Whilst here I feel as prison'd bird,  
Dark—dark's the brightest day ;  
And tho' Time's hurried footstep's heard,  
He's slow—away !—away !

Harp of the West ! methinks I hear,  
More glorious sounds than thine  
Descending from yon radiant sphere—  
O that those joys were mine !



## MELODY—CXVII.

*“Roll on, O Time! nor tarry now.”*

Roll on, O Time! nor tarry now—  
The flowers of youth are faded, gone !  
Sorrow deforms and clouds my brow—  
Sad lonely one !

My days are passing into years,  
My years are fading fast away ;  
And manhood with these “smiles and tears”  
Must soon decay.

There is rest in heaven for those  
Who live unbending, yet remain  
Beneath Life’s pressure—brave its woes,  
Endure the pain.

The dreams of youth that pass away  
Leave in the mind some pleasure still—  
A sun-beam for a wintry day  
Of latent ill.

## MELODY—CXVIII.

*“Devonia! when I think of thee.”*

## I.

Devonia! when I think of thee,  
Thy valleys rich and fair,  
In all the pride of Summer drest,  
My heart will not despair.

## II.

In the deep silence of the night,  
When visions, bright and free,  
Break in their glory on my sight,  
They're all, “Sweet Home,” of thee!

## III.

And when this throbbing heart shall cease  
To beat within my breast,  
I would within thy peaceful vale,  
My lov'd Devonia, rest!

## MELODY—CXIX.

*“ Imperial Pile of Windsor’s ancient name !”*

## I.

Imperial Pile  
Of Windsor’s ancient name !  
Methinks I see th’ enchanting smile  
    Of Royalty and Fame  
Beaming from out thy modern towers  
With naval pride and martial powers.

## II.

Venerable Home  
Of Kings,—all hail to thee !  
That man may boast of freedom’s charm,  
    Who in himself is free :  
I love the name my country bears ;  
I love her King and th’ garb he wears !\*

## III.

Oh ! Windsor’s Groves !  
Long may ye stand in nature’s majesty ;  
    Long may your bowering shades  
Witness our gracious Queen’s felicity :  
Blest be the Royal Pair ; and may their reign  
Extend its influence, boundless as the main !

\* True Blue.—“ Our King’s a True British Sailor.”

## MELODY—CXX.

*“The Ivy spreads o'er Kenwith Tower.”*

The ivy spreads o'er Kenwith Tower  
 Its leaves of fadeless green,  
 And wall-flowers blossom in the bower  
 Where human flowers have been :  
 The grass-tufts hang upon the wall  
 Where Ubba's\* bugle hung ;  
 And night winds sing along the hall  
 Where raptured minstrels sung,

The human flowers have pass'd away ;  
 Devonia's Earl is gone ;†  
 Bold Ubba slumbers in the clay,  
 Without a churchyard stone.  
 What was their beauty, or their love,  
 Their value, or their fame,  
 There is no record here to prove ;  
 But Hogg‡ preserves each name.

\* Ubba, the Dane, the chief of the Danish commanders, who then (A.D. 1017) ravaged the country of Wales without opposition. The only place where he found resistance was in his return, from the Castle of Kenwith, into which the Earl of Devonshire had retired with a small body of troops. This gallant soldier, finding himself unable to sustain a siege, and knowing the danger of surrendering to a perfidious enemy, was resolved by one desperate effort, to force his way through the besiegers sword in hand. The proposal was embraced by all his followers ; while the Danes, secure in their numbers, and in their contempt of the enemy, were not only routed with great slaughter, but Ubba, their general, was slain.

† The Earl of Devonshire.

‡ Thomas Hogg, Esq. the enlightened and munificent proprietor of Ouden Hall.

And stone by stone the walls decay,  
While mosses o'er them creep ;  
And, in the distant future, they  
Will be a shapeless heap.  
And there the milkmaid, homeward bound,  
May pluck the summer flower,  
And know not that the grassy mound  
Had once been Kenwith Tower.

## MELODY—CXXI.

“ *Poor Isabel, thy cheek is wan.*”

Poor Isabel ! thy cheek is wan,  
There’s wildness in thine eye ;  
Thou seem’st to dread the voice of man,  
Come tell me, tell me why !

Give me thy hand, misfortune’s child,  
And let us through the wood,  
I’ll succour thee in accents mild,  
Where fears dare not intrude.

Ah Isabel ! poor Isabel !  
Once fairest of the fair ;  
What music or what song shall tell  
Thy deep and dark despair !



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## MELODY—CXXII.

*“Why do ‘Things’ of the town.”*

Why do “Things” of the town  
On Country-folks frown,  
And treat them with “wulgar” disdain?  
The blessings they share  
From pure native air  
Are many—they never complain.

Content with their lot  
In the small wholesome cot,  
Health and strength they always enjoy ;  
Their pleasures though few  
They often renew,  
For innocence never can cloy.

By temperance taught  
They curb every thought  
Which tends to ambition or spleen ;  
Peace, plenty, and play,  
Wing life smoothly away,  
And to them this fair earth’s ever green.



## FINALE.

I was not born to Fame,—not I ;  
I was not born to Fame ;  
Mine is not the gift of Poesy ;  
Simplicity's my name.  
My Lyre is strung with Nature's chords,  
My Lute was made to perish ;  
Yet, if I've given *sound* to words,  
“ My COUNTRY” them will cherish.

I was not born to Fame—not I ;  
I was not born to Fame :  
I boast not Byron's mastery,  
Nor bright Parnassian flame :  
Sir Walter will but laugh at one  
Who sings as I have sung ;  
And thus, you see, I'm quite alone,  
Although the world among !

I was not born to Fame—not I ;  
I was not born to Fame :  
I have not Hood's keen pleasantry ;  
I have not Campbell's claim :  
Friend Crabbe was never crabbed seen,  
I like his cheerful twittle ;  
Though I have never *Moorish* been,  
I love the name of LITTLE.

I was not born to Fame—not I ;  
I was not born to Fame :  
I never wore the blush of shame ;  
The *cold* heart's mockery.  
If e'er I felt a gush of pride,  
'Tis now I feel the spell ;  
A change comes o'er my manhood's tide :  
Good READER—fare thee well !

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